

# PITT'S GHOST.

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BEING AN ACCOUNT OF



## THE DEATH, DISSECTION, FUNERAL PROCESSION, EPITAPH, AND HORRIBLE APPARITION, OF THE MUCH LAMENTED LATE MINISTER OF STATE.

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## PITT'S GHOST.

Having before given a brief account of the death of this great statesman, together with the conjectures that were formed regarding the cause of it, we have also to add some extracts from the report of the surgeon who opened his body. The entire report would occupy too much room, and would be tedious to many of our readers.

After making some remarks on the outward appearance of the body, which was entirely covered with spots, the surgeon proceeds to give a minute description of the internal parts, beginning with the cavity of the head.

On sawing through the *cranium*, the first thing that struck an observer, was a remarkable accumulation of the *brain* on the *left* side of the skull, while the cavity on the *right* side was almost empty. The whole organ seemed to have an involuntary tendency to press in that direction; inasmuch, that when it was put in its proper situation, it acted with the force of a spring, and recovered its former place immediately upon the hand being taken away. So remarkable a deviation the reporter had never seen, except in one subject dissected a great many years ago at Surgeon's-hall: It was a fellow who was hanged at Tyburn, and had so constant and uniform a bias towards every thing that was wrong, as nothing but an unlucky formation of the brain could account for.

The *tongue* was cut out at the request of the Lord Chancellor, who wished to preserve it in spirits. It is uncommonly smooth and soft at the point, but full of purulent pimples towards the root. But what distinguishes it from most other tongues is, that it is quite hollow; and, in short, the most deceiving tongue in all respects that ever came under the operator's knife.

Round the *neck* there was a sort of depressed mark, or groove, as if it had been occasioned by a rope. The surgeon has seen the like before; but never knew an instance till now of a person so marked escaping a halter.

On opening the *thorax*, the lungs were found tolerably sound: but the appearance of the *heart* was so remarkable as to deserve a particular description. The *pericardium*, or membrane in which the heart is inclosed, was much distended; but what is most singular is, that the liquid



which it contained was frozen into a solid lump. No application of heat could dissolve it; but by pouring a large quantity of wine upon it, and afterwards touching it with gold, it became sufficiently soft to get out the heart itself; which at first view appeared as large as that of a *bullock*; but on the least pressure was reduced to the size of a *turkey cock's*. A Russian surgeon, who was present, said, he always expected it would be found so. The heart was extremely cold to the touch, and very hard; yet it exuded abundance of moisture, which blistered and swelled the finger like the most virulent and rancorous poisons.

The inside was perfectly black, and consisted of a sort of powder which emitted an exceedingly foetid smell. When this powder was narrowly inspected with the aid of a *microscope*, a great many small shining objects were visible, shaped like swords, daggers, and bayonets. They moved with great rapidity, and exhibited a threatening appearance; but they were found to be quite pointless.

The *liver* was perfectly white, except where it was studded with purple eruptions. The gall-bladder was of an uncommon size, and overflowing with the superabundance of dark coloured *bile*.

The whole course of the *intestines* was lined with a red tough coat, exactly resembling that which is formed by Port wine after remaining long in the pipe.

The delicacy necessary to be observed in a public print does not permit us to enter minutely into the remaining part of the report. Suffice it to say, that the *sexual distinctions* in this case were not easily to be discerned.

Yesterday the remains of the late Prime Minister were interred, with suitable solemnity, in the church-yard of St. Giles in the Fields. The order of the procession was as follows:—

Sir WATKIN LEWES, on horseback;

Lumber Troop, two and two,

*smoking*;

The other City Members, abreast.

BROOK WATSON,

In a splendid carriage,

Drawn by 200 Merchants ruined by the War;

Contractors, two and two,

SPIES;

Divided into Companies,

And headed by the Duke of PORTLAND,

The LORD ADVOCATE of Scotland,

And other officers of that department.

MR. JOHN KETCH,

With the *Cordon*, and other insignia of his profession.

THE BIER,

JEALOUS,  
and  
others.

Covered with a crimson pall  
surmounted with emblems of  
war, a cork-screw, and a large  
flagon of wine.

MACMANUS,  
and  
others.

Chief Mourner,

GEORGE ROSE,

(The EARL of CHATHAM not having got up in time.)

Members for the Rotten Boroughs,

two and two.

Sinecure Placemen and Pensioners,

(Taking precedence according to the amount of their salaries.)

Wounded Soldiers, on crutches,

three and three.

Col. MACK — MR. WINDHAM,

With drawn swords and Kevenhuller hats.

Certain Volunteers made offer of their services, but it was declined on this ground, that in a solemn procession it would not be proper to afford the populace any occasion for laughter. The members of the Cabinet were engaged in disposing of the *vacant places*, which prevented them from attending round the corpse; but we are happy to state, that their Deputies from Bow-street filled their places very respectably!

It is with grief that we advert to the behaviour of the *mob* on this occasion. Neither respect for the memory of the deceased, nor hunger itself, (which appeared in most of their countenances) could restrain their levity from breaking out into shouts of laughter and indecent merriment.

A monument, we understand, is to be erected, at the public expence, to perpetuate this Great Man's memory: The sculpture is to be in *alto relievo*, and will represent, on one side, the Premier surprising the GODDESS of BRITISH LIBERTY *asleep*, and striking off her head with a sabre. In the back-ground is a prospect of Botany Bay.

Another side exhibits the taking of *Dunkirk* by the British troops, and the glorious landing of the emigrants at *Quiberon*.

The third represents the city of *Paris* in ruins; the Bastille rebuilding under the direction of Mr. BURKE; and the immaculate Minister hoisting the white flag.

On the fourth side, the *Genius of War* will be shewn in all his majesty, attended by *Desolation*, *Murder* and *Famine*. *Peace* is seen flying from the British coast, and conducting *Commerce* and *Plenty* to the shores of *America*. — The Epitaph is as follows:

## E P I T A P H.

*Hic conduntur Reliquiæ*

GUL. PITT, ARMIG.

QUI

SUMMUM POTENTIÆ CACUMEN

ATTIGIT,

AC PER MULTOS ANNOS RETINUIT;

NON TAM SOLERTIA

*(QUIPPE IISDEM ARTIBUS VICTUS EST,)*

QUAM

DEORUM IRA

IN

REM BRITANNICAM.

## TRANSLATION.

*Here lie the Remains of*

W. PITT, Esq.

WHO

ATTAINED THE SUMMIT OF POWER

AND

PRESERVED IT MANY YEARS;

NOT BY ABILITIES

*(IN WHICH HE WAS EXCELLED BY OTHERS,)*

BUT BY

THE WRATH OF GOD

AGAINST

THE ENGLISH NATION.

## PITT'S GHOST.

The most dreadful consternation prevails about Downing-street and Whitehall, in consequence of the reappearance of the Prime Minister in that neighbourhood. This alarming apparition is said to have been first seen about eight days ago by Robert Smith, who had served the Minister several years in the capacity of coachman. At first his report was but little attended to, as he is unfortunately addicted to drinking; but now that the fact is put beyond all doubt, we think it our duty to lay before the public the particulars he has given us.

The poor fellow, who is still extremely agitated, relates, that on the 10th of this present September, after smoking his pipe at the Bunch of Grapes, he walked home, and went to bed in the hay-loft as usual. He had not been long asleep, as he supposes, when he was awakened by a dreadful trampling of the horses in the stable. But, on looking up, who can describe his terror, when he beheld the revered



image of his deceased master standing before him! A blueish light proceeded from every part of him, but particularly from the nose, by means of which Robin was enabled to mark his deplorable plight, as he stood shivering, wringing his hands, and crying in all the bitterness of anguish.

His body was bare, and his hands seemed stained with blood; the drops of which, as they fell on the floor, were transformed into hideous spectres, that glared on the dismayed Minister, and vanished, each in its turn, with a frown of indignation. They seemed to be the ghosts of men, women, and children of various nations, all of them bearing the marks of deadly wounds, or of famine.

The Premier often turned round, as if to avoid the horrid sight, and as often shewed his back, all gashed and torn with stripes; but which ever way he turned, the horrid phantoms still continued to rise and torment him. At length he seemed addressing himself to speak; but a sudden noise arose, and a mighty hand, seizing him by the hair, removed him in an instant, leaving the coachman petrified with horror.

Though this account may be heightened by the imagination of the relator, yet we have no reason to doubt the truth of the ground-work of it, because it is confirmed in most points by the testimony of several respectable individuals, who were witnesses to the like appearances in Downing-street, last night, and the night preceding.

What we have collected by a diligent enquiry is, that the apparition has paid several visits to the different offices about the Treasury, alarming some of the clerks, and imposing on others, who believe it to be the Minister himself; but Rose, and others, who saw his body committed to the ground, are satisfied that it must be his perturbed spirit, suffered to walk the earth for a while, to contemplate the benefits it has derived from his happy administration. They are satisfied he cannot have "*burst his carments*" to point out any thing "*rotten in the state*;" because in this state there is nothing rotten, except the *rotten boroughs*, which, like the *blue mould in cheese*, are deemed by the intelligent the *choicest portion* of the whole mass. It has been remarked, however, that those philosophical gentlemen have lately appeared much dejected, and avoid all conversation with the shade of their former coadjutor; afraid, perhaps, that he might "*a tale unfold*" not suitable to the ears of flesh and blood. What follows may explain this matter farther.

The gentlemen who were witnesses to the first appearance of the spectre in Downing-street, all agree that he wore a *red night-cap*; in other respects they concur pretty nearly with the coachman. They know not from whence he came; but he seemed extremely weary, and would have lain down in the street, had not a tremendous figure, who walked behind, continually goaded him on with a pitch-fork. The reluctant Minister carried a burden on his back of enormous bulk, which his tottering legs were hardly able to sustain. It consisted of a number of packages which were entitled *War, Corruption, Deception, Perfidy*, and the like; the weight of which, to appearance, would have sunk a navy. He had also a rope fastened round his body, by which he dragged after him many large weights of iron, inscribed *Taxes, Poor-rates, Oppression, Excise, and National Ruin*.

Whilst he moved along, in this woeful condition, he met no pity from the crowd of apparitions that surrounded him, who seemed by their frequent shouts rather to take pleasure in beholding his sufferings. Some of them would ask him, Whether the French were all *starved* yet? others, How he liked the *existing circumstances*, and what *window-tax* he paid for his new lodgings? to all which he replied only with a grin of rage. One fellow asked him, Why he had not brought a *hamper of wine* with the rest of his luggage? when another archly observed, "That he supposed he had been refused a *permit*."—The wretched Premier, aggravated by these multiplied indignities, would have made an appeal against them; but his guide reminded him, that, among spirits, there was no *Habeas Corpus*. The dismal procession advanced as far as his own house, when it disappeared.

The ceremony was repeated last night, with some alterations. His load consisted chiefly of ambiguous Acts of Parliament, Commissions of Bankruptcy, and ponderous lists of Spies and Informers. Every few steps he was forced to eat one of his own speeches, which (if we may judge by the contortions of his face) must have been exceedingly unpalatable.

Whether this portentous vision is to be continued every night, we pretend not to conjecture. But what has been already seen, we trust, will serve to convince the present and future ministers, how dangerous it is to indulge too frequently in the sport of arming nations to cut each others throats, and (on pretence of religion and order) to fill the world with misery and blood.



